

KRS-One Lyrics

"Medu-neter"

(feat. SUN-ONE)

Real spitters out there hold tight (Yeah)
Heaven sent me evidently
Positive lyrics ever ready
Spirit charged, never empty
Devils charms can never tempt me
The level they on could never dent me
The enterprise could never rent me
Keep the drive without the Bentley
I-N-N-O-C-E-N-T
Truth is hard but I speak it gently
Squeeze my shit 'til the clip is empty
Demons and angels, they all protect me
Goblins, goons they all respect me
Walk in the room with the instrumentals
Superior MC skills essential
Spit with a hit quick I was meant to
Trump your card and intellect you
I got drive, I will wreck you
Band on the fact, rappers I will check you
Disrespect you, disconnect you
Bring the tech to you and who you next to
Say what you want yo I don't care
My crew charge in like da-da-da-da
Now you laying on the floor over there
As you can see all the raw right here
You would have seen it if I toured last year
But that's ok I bring it all in here
Strictly queens, no whores in here
And got King Negus all in here
Ain't no beggars, we all got gear
Lions, chewing up the goats and the deers
You don't want truth, close your ears
God, the devils supposed to fear

Speak Medu-neter no less yes
Medu-neter no less yes
Medu-neter no less yes
Just speak medu-neter no less
Speak medu-neter, speak medu-neter

This that raw from the culture corp
You want that raw shit, we got some more
Come inside, lock the door
Some of y'all never heard hip-hop before
So here we go yo, the truth is short
Rappers be frauds like Manafort
You can see they amateurs

He ain't David, what you holding their banner for
David Banner, that's my boy
I can't wait for the day that we rap on tour
Back to the raw, my skills are better
Rap so sick I hope you're feeling better
Resurrector
They spit rap, I spit medu-neter
Medu-neter
Lyrical ruler holding a scepter
You diss love, love's gonna get you
Temple of hip-hop that's the school
I don't wanna learn, that's a fool
Ignorance, that ain't cool
I'm flowing, get in the pool
We teach the golden rule, while they hold a tool
The platinum rule while they act a fool
God is the headliner
So ignorance KRS-One is coming after you
Straight blasting you not asking you
Then pray over the body like a pastor do
To hell they dragging you
You front so hard you can't even look in back of you
Your history is gone but this is what I came to do
Bring it back to you
You know we devour cowards
When these rappers talk we are not empowered
All they do is shout it
They ain't master the P, they ain't 'bout it 'bout it
I mastered the power and I'm proud about it
This cypher is getting crowded
Uh huh
Uh huh
Yeah

Speak Medu-neter no less yes
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Ok
Look

Street runner, feet pumper
Everything hip-hop we cover
Some of the rappers in a deep slumber
KRS-One will hover
Over nearly everyone, you never seen a better one
I'm crazy with the letters son, you dealing with a veteran
I'm fly like a pelican, I reign 'til I'm wet again
I'm always a gentleman, show up with the venom and
[?] what you hearing now is the melanin
You can see now by stars who the better man
Temple of hip-hop, culture develop and

Peace, love and unity we selling them
Some of these dudes [?]
So in the interim we hit 'em with the minimal
Alpha omega, beginning and ending them
Raw shit, we gonna keep hitting them